

# Viola Pratt Gillette Says Tights Are Not Immodest

Nina Carter in New York Telegraph.

"TO FOUR ruffles, and chiffons—billowy, floating, spangled, wavy, gauzy, clinging chiffons—bah! They are vulgar!"

Well, that was gratifying, after three-quarters of an hour wait in the rear door, where one must undergo the inquisitive scrutiny of some twenty or more pairs of eyes, all wondering whether you are a new applicant for the ballet or chorus, whose case you try to meet calmly, but, in the attempt, fall grievously; whose costume, however, you have received for three-quarters of an hour that you



gown intentionally she becomes a woman who has lost her self-respect."

Here the Line Is Drawn.

"But how do you draw the line of distinction between the woman of this time and the woman who wears tights?" Miss Gillette looked at her heel, and snapped the last hook on her doublet.

"This is where the line is drawn: When you first put on tights you feel timid. That skirt is gone that you might have drawn about you. You stand alone, quite alone, with only your dignity to buoy you up. It is worse than a camel ride in the Sahara desert. Soon you become a bit used to the tights. You still must maintain your dignity, and must not look down at your tights, lest you remember that they are there. You think of other things, and then—then you act just as though you had on your everyday clothes. You naturally make no more of the fact that you are in tights than in absolutely necessary, and you say to yourself, over and over: 'Everyone thinks as I do—everyone thinks as I do,' and in that way you keep your equilibrium."

"Yes, that is the tights side of the question, but now for the story of the gown."

"Tim—that comes next. Miss Gillette patted a light curl near her temple. That movement did not belong to the Fairy Prince; it belonged to Miss Gillette."

"The gown is different in this wise: You put it on that you may display your figure to the best advantage, that you may do so under the guise of beautiful clothes, and all the while you have looked more horrified. I was in for it. I had made a mistake, and now there was only one way out of it—another question, and that:

"But you don't think the long clothes more graceful, more—"

"Graceful? No! Suggestive? Deceitful? The woman who must turn to the tight fitting French gown to make her part in any performance attractive is well, not as able as she might be. But, then, you see, this is only my opinion, and she will probably think you would put all women in tights to make them graceful!"

Such a Shocking Question.

Shocked! Shocked! describes but mildly the expression on Miss Gillette's face. Had I said black all women's faces to make them beautiful she could not have looked more horrified. I was in for it. I had made a mistake, and now there was only one way out of it—another question, and that:

"Perhaps you think only certain styles of women can wear tights?"

"It's just this. If the woman wants to wear tights, if she has started out with a determination to wear tights and call that her success, she will be disgusting in them. If she has, on the contrary, been a bit timid at first concerning them, why, she will probably be graceful and pleasing. It is not the bold manner in which tights are worn that pleases. It is the half timid way of a woman who never feels quite at home in them in her heart, yet the public are made to believe that she does."

"But still you had rather wear tights than the swirling stage dress that fits like a glove?"

A touch of rouge here, a little more black on the brow, a bit of rosin to the lips—Miss Gillette is very delicate now and then.

"Um—it is more desirable. We necessarily associate that gown with nothing but a coarse, unrefined nature, a woman loses all her self-respect in it. She makes a sacrifice of that she should hold most close, and burns it on the altar of public criticism; laughter, scorn and anything but a certain class of admiration is far beyond her reach, no matter how she may grope for it. Once she dons that

## MODERN FABLES

By George Ade.

The Modern Fable of How the Fearless Favorite From St. Louis Flagged the Hot-Looker Across the Way.

ONCE there was a Salesman who handled dried Fruits and registered from Saint Louey. He could tell about the Big Bridge and the Union Station and had a fifteen-minute spiel touching on and appertaining to Death and Apples that was calculated to land the cross-roads Wanamaker.

Lawrence, for such was his Name, had the Fatal Gift of Beauty and he was Wise to the East. He hated to turn out the Light at Night and have all his Good Looks go to waste for Hours at a Stretch.

What Nature had failed to do for him he did for himself. He kept his Neck neatly shaved and put Heliochrome on his Eye-Brows and drank Florida Water to Kill his Cigarette Breath before dashing into Society.

When Lawrence had polished up his Rings and Stud with a piece of Chamrois and got into his Sack Suit with the up-and-down Stripe and put on his nobby white Hat with the black Band, you may think that he despised himself, but he did not. It was like being Home Ties for him to say good-bye to a Mirror.

Lawrence was not entirely to blame for being so Popular with himself. A good many of the sweetest Dining-



Room Girls on the Short Line between Herodenburg and Vandalla had fought for the Privilege of bringing him the Ribb of Beef with Brown Potatoes. It is said that even a Piano-Player or a Concealed Tender may develop a case of the Seven and three-quarters. Hat when the Women get after him, and therefore it is not strange that Lawrence, merely a humble representative of the Raspberry Trust, should want to hand himself Money and work the large J into all of his conversation.

Whenever he unpacked at a Hotel he put a Photograph of himself out of the Dresser, so as to make the Room more cheerful. One Day it befell that Lawrence, the Woman-Catcher, was riding in a Day Coach and having a great deal of Trouble with his Cuffs, because they would not stay on the right Length. Now and then he looked out of the Window, so as to give the Ladies behind a chance at his Profile.

At one of the Stations something tailor-made with more than the usual number of Eyes and the Style of a Frohman Leading Lady blew into the Car and seated herself opposite fascinating Lawrence. He immediately tossed out Arm over the Back of the Seat so that she could get a Flash at the four-ounce Ring with the three Rock-Crystals in it. Also he began to do a Series of Living Pictures, at the same time sizing her carefully. She was about the youngest he had seen since pulling out of Sedalia, and he decided that it was up to him to get acquainted.

He knew that he was taking a Chance, but an ordinary Foe had no Terrors for one accustomed to grappling with the Country Trade. So he took from his Grip a Copy of "A Widow in Name Only," by Ethel Gillette, author of "Lingering Love," and the first thing she knew he was asking her if she wanted something to read.

Instead of trying to jump out of the Window, she received him with a glad Smile and moved over so as to make room for the Car. As he sat there, slowly recovering, it occurred to him that he had neglected to get her Name and Address and make her promise to Correspond, which was very careless of him. Try, but she was busy with a Book, other than the one he had given to her, and seemed to have forgotten that he was right there in the same Car.

Lawrence began to suspect that he had failed to Entertain her, but such was not the case.

He did not see her again, but next Month his Friends called his Attention to an Article in the Eastern Periodical, written by a Lady who had been investigating the Intellectual Awakening of the Middle West. She gave Lawrence quite a Send-Off and used his Picture, calling attention to the lack of Forehead and the Vacant Expression about the Eyes. She said he was a Type of the Middle-Class Materialist, who cared more for Personal Adornment than for Mental Culture, but as she had been able to discover by turning the Specimen over, under the Microscope, there was nothing Vicious in his make-up. He was simply a Case of Atrophied Cerebellum and Ingrowing Nerve.

Lawrence could not get next to all the Long Words or he would have felt all cut up about it. As it was, he decided not to correspond, even after learning her Name.

MORALE. Many a Man is up against an Analysis, when he is trying to make a Paralysis.

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She wanted to know all about him, even to the Extent of sounding him on Literature and the Arts.

He told her that Dan Daly had Julia Marlowe beat at least a Block when it came to putting up a Lively Show and as for Books, he couldn't see Lew Wallace with a Spy-Glass but the Duchess was Warm Stuff.

His Views carried so much Weight that she began to take Notes in a little Book. She asked him how much he made in Commissions and Salary and what amount he spent on Clothes and Finery as compared with his Outlay for Soul-Food. He began to wing a little

# Caddy Freckles Criticises Gov. Wells' Ball Playing

By Arthur W. Copp.



"PINKY," said Freckles, as he shoved his caddy card into the box and walked toward the bench. "Dere's only one game. Dese gents comes out here an' busts a few clubs an' loses some balls in 't' sage an' gets der noses peeled wit' 't' sun, an' licks up some highballs, an' has w'at dey tinks is 't' swell time. But w'en I gets 't' dough, it's me to 't' ball park. I'se goin' to be a baseball mag- got like John Critchlow. He's 't' main squeeze wit' 't' league. Do youse know him?"

"Naw. W'ere was youse last Saturday?" "T' first 't'ing youse 'knows an' youse gets 't' boots here," said Pinky, as he gave a new caddy the shoulder, and took the coveted place against the tree.

"To 't' big show up to 't' Ogden burg. Mr. an' t' gov'nor an' 't' presidunt," replied Freckles, Dere's not to 't' Pink. Dis is 't' way it was. I goes to 't' deapo. Dey was a mob o' 't' rooters dere. I says 't' presidunt. I gets a half Nelson on 't' coat an' makes 't' big talk."

"Say, Mister Presidunt," sez I, "do youse want a mascot?" I sez, "He gives me 't' Klondike lamp fer a

minute. Den he 't'aws, an' turns to 't' sang. "Gents," he sez, "do youse want a mascot?" "Sure," dey sez. "What is home wit'out a mascot," dey sez. "Sonny, youse signed," sez 't' presidunt. So 't's me to 't' smoker. "Jeez, but dere was a push at 't' game. 't' lydies was all dere, too. Dey wanted to see 't' gov'nor an' 't' presidunt in 't' great battery act. Well, 't' Lobsters an' 't' Farmington Ferrets plays tag wit' 't' ball to get der limbs. Den bye 't' bye 't' empire comes out."

"Ah w'ah," he sez. He was tryin' to say 't' play ball, but his photograph was to 't' bad, see. Den he steps up to 't' gov'nor an' han's him 't' ball. 't' first Lobster comes up to 't' plate. 't' gov'nor walks out to 't' box an' 't' presidunt puts on 't' bird cage an' gets behind 't' gran' stan'."

"Say, Paw, w'o's 't' dealer?" asks a guy on 't' bleachers. Chat wit' to Paw. Gimlin. He's 't' big chief wit' 't' Lobsters."

"S-s-s-s-s-h," sez Paw. "Dat's 't' Human Pretzel," he sez. "Get wise to his curves," he sez. So 't' push lamps.

"Den 't' gov'nor gets busy. Bein' a real o. k. gent, he tips his sun bunnet to 't' lydies. Den he ches up his high suspender, an' puts his left mit on his buzzum. "John," he sez to 't' presidunt, "John, present me compliments to 't' gent wit' 't' tree in his mit, an' ast him w'ere he'd like it," he sez. "I t'ink he 'ud like a high ball," sez 't' presidunt. "Youse win. Take 't' money," sez 't' guy at 't' bat. Den he spits 't'rough his teet', sorrowful like, an' gets set fer a 't'ree socker. "Den 't' presidunt gets in his knock. "If youse hit 't' ball w'en 't' gov'nor pitches," he sez, "youse gets fined ten bucks, see?" "T'se a poor guesser. W'at's 't' answer?" asks 't' guy at 't' bat. "Cause it's less majeste," sez 't' presidunt. "W'at's dat?" queried Pinky. "Dat's w'at dey calls sassin' 't' empire," replied Freckles. "Kin 't' gov'nor pitch 't' curves?" "I ain't no Sherlock Holmes, replied Freckles, as he walked toward the first tee. "Ast 't' presidunt."

## THEIR HUMOROUS SIDE.

Dueling Affairs Are Not Always Serious. (Fit-Bits.)

Dueling still flourishes on the continent, but although one occasionally hears of a fatal result, there is far more comedy than tragedy in the so-called affairs d'honneur of the present day.

Nothing could have been more farcical than the Deroulede-Buffet affair, in which it will be remembered, each party, while loudly proclaiming his intention to fight to the death, took every possible care to avoid the other. The duel between Count Boni de Castellane and M. de Rodays, director of the Figaro, is another recent instance. It is said that considerable astonishment was expressed when it was found that the journalists had been wounded. Such an outcome of the fight was unlooked for, and when it is considered that the bullets used by the combatants are generally faked, the little surprise need be expressed at the farcical termination of so many duels.

French journalists are famous for their dueling propensities. In fact, the Paris newspapers publish a list of their correspondents and contributors with their various accomplishments appended after their names. In these lists records of former duels stand out prominently among their achievements. In fact, it would seem from an examination of these lists that it is a sine qua non for the tenure of office that a newspaper man should fight at least one duel a year.

However, many of these duellists seem to enter upon their encounters in a very happy frame of mind. The eminent French critic, the Baron de St. Pol, once counter with an offended author lifted an umbrella to protect himself against a few raindrops. But he was so unmannish by the novelty of his position that when the guns went off with an answer to his adversary. "I cannot help it," answered St. Pol; "I came to stand here, not to water."

A good story is told of a noted Russian swashbuckler who fought a duel with a Polish painter. The latter gentleman was the insulted party, and on the advice of an ingenious friend selected field cannon as his weapon. The Russian ought to have known that an upward inclination of the cannon, however slight, would cause the balls to go whizzing yards above the combatants' heads. But he was so unmannish by the novelty of his position that when the guns went off with an answer to his adversary. "I cannot help it," answered St. Pol; "I came to stand here, not to water."

Not long ago a French critic was challenged to a duel by a comedian whom he had just severely criticized. The comedian formed a striking contrast—the critic being extremely corpulent, while the actor was small and thin. The comedian, before they approached his opponent, drew a line with a piece of chalk on the latter's waistcoat, and said: "Let us equalize the chances; any hit I make outside this line shan't count." Of course, the critic laughed, and in a moment both were good friends once more.

Unfortunately, present day affairs do not always end happily, even though started in jest. For instance, a cavalry officer at Cologne got into a dispute with a young professor. When the epithet "Schachopf" (sheep's head) was uttered it became evident that an encounter was inevitable. The officer was a good fellow, and decided with his comrades that there should only be a pretense at a duel, as the cause of the quarrel was so absurd.

It was decided that the two duellists should be placed thirty paces apart and the charge not be rammed. A loose charge makes the bullet deviate, but the officer was to fall and pretend to be dead. The professor, however, was a good fellow, and decided with his comrades that there should only be a pretense at a duel, as the cause of the quarrel was so absurd.

The parties appeared on the ground, the seconds called "Time." The professor fired, and the officer fell to the ground, as had been planned. The young professor was thrown into hysterics of remorse and terror. But when the onlookers were about to explain to him the joke, they found to their horror that the officer was really dead; the professor's bullet had severed the carotid artery.

Plenty of Time. (Philadelphia Record.) "Girls, don't place too much faith in flattery," warns the Manayunk Philosopher. "Just because some fellow calls you an angel it isn't necessary to begin taking lessons on the harp."

## Wrapped Bread.

Brazier's home-made bread in waxed paper wrappers at the bakery, 223 Main street.

## Some Invisible Force Lifted Him Back to the Other Side of the Car.

graph, which she numbered 32 and filed away in a Blue Envelope.

After which she said that would be about all she could do for him. He seemed to lift him back to the other side of the car. As he sat there, slowly recovering, it occurred to him that he had neglected to get her Name and Address and make her promise to Correspond, which was very careless of him. Try, but she was busy with a Book, other than the one he had given to her, and seemed to have forgotten that he was right there in the same Car.

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## He Tossed An Arm Over the Back of the Seat.

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## Works Both Ways.

(Judge.) Welles-Died Christian Science cured me of rheumatism. No, but rheumatism cured me of Christian Science.

with positiveness, but these figures are not far out of the way, and are based upon official data.

"Returning southward, overland part of the way, it is approximately 1,500 miles from Point Barrow to Unalakleet; thence it is 2,010 miles to Honolulu; from this point in the sea it is 3,337 miles to Guam, and from that island 1,565 miles to Manila, or a total of 8,412 miles can our Southern Pacific postoffice of importance. "And now for the homeward leap. It is 7,941 miles from Manila to San Francisco via Guam and Honolulu, and 1,743 miles and the complete circuit, as here outlined, approximates 29,431 miles, which a letter might travel, under certain conditions, for 2 cents under the American flag."

American postoffices will be established in the islands. We will proceed to the recently established postoffice at Point Barrow, Alaska, well within the Arctic circle, on a parallel far above the northernmost shores of Iceland, and not so very far distant from the north pole itself. Thence we will take an aerial journey to the tropics of the south seas, at Manila, and then home again to St. Thomas.

From St. Thomas to New York it is 1,425 miles; to San Francisco, 2,325 miles; from San Francisco to Unalakleet, 2,055 miles; from Unalakleet to Nome, about 1,800 miles, and thence to Point Barrow, overland, 430 miles, or a total of 8,238 miles from our most eastern Atlantic postoffice to our northernmost postoffice amid Arctic ice. The revenue cutter, which will visit Point Barrow this summer, when the ice is out of the Arctic sea sufficiently, and which will carry the supplies for the new office, will go around the western shores of Alaska, through Bering strait, and the total distance will be somewhat increased. Actual distances in this remote region cannot be stated

## AROUND WORLD FOR TWO CENTS

Distance a Letter May Travel With a United States Stamp. (Washington Post.)

"Now that the Danish West Indies will become an insular possession of the United States upon the completion of the diplomatic negotiations for their acquisition, the eastern shore line of this country practically extended over 1,400 miles into the Atlantic, and the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast of this country is now 18,000 miles, or a total of 19,400 miles, which a letter weighing an ounce for cents, said a gentleman familiar with postal affairs.

"I venture to say that even an off-hand statement of these remarkable possibilities cannot readily be given. Having once made a new calculation, which is approximately correct, it is based on the island of St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, as an eastern starting point. Upon the completion of the negotiations

may in the end gain admittance to the dwelling room of Miss Viola Gillette, where you have been sent to ask some questions—as usual.

Fairy Prince Is Very Human.

Two very slender French heels that belong to the Fairy Prince in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" came down on the floor with a ring that made no wonder if Fairy Prince's heels were maddled with flint. But they were not, and it was only Miss Gillette's manner of emphasizing her opinions on the matter of dress and tights.

"You like tights, then, Miss Gillette?" after I had settled comfortably by her dressing table.

"Yes—yes, I like them."

"Have you always liked them?" Her tone had implied that some doubt as to the liking of tights might lurk there. "No, no. Those French heels did more restlessly about. 'You see—you see—well—' An extra dab of grease made no wonder if Fairy Prince's heels were maddled with flint. But they were not, and it was only Miss Gillette's manner of emphasizing her opinions on the matter of dress and tights.

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